

DIRECTIONS FOR LETTER WRIT-ING. kins placed Johnnie in a warm seat near the stove in a rear car a minute

Write on one side of paper only. Do not have letters too long. Address all letters to "Aunt Busy," intermountain Catholic.

Ogden, Utah, May 4, 1900.

Dear Aunt Busy:

I heard my papa reading about the terrible mine accident at Scofield. I think it is just terrible, so many little orphans left without their dear papas. I only wish we had a great big home in charge of the Sisters for all of them poor children. It was very kind of Bishop Scanlan to offer a home for as many as could be cured for. I will send my little gift with this letter for them poor children and all nephews and nieces will give something. May the Lord have mercy on the souls of all the poor men that were killed. Your loving niece. Dear Aunt Busy:

the poor men that were killed. Four loving niece,

GENEVIEVE M'CARDLE.

Dear Ogden Niece, your beautiful letter will teach the hearts of many, besides the nephews and nieces who write to Aunt Busy. Rt. Rev. Bishop has a fine home nearly complete now, with the Good Sisters in charge for any of the little fatheriess children. The of the little fatherless children. The money you sent has been placed in the \$2,000 fund started for the orphans. Aunt Busy is going to send them this week's paper that they may know about the tender, generous heart of one of Aunt Busy's little nieces.

Ogden Utah, May 1, 1900. Dear Aunt Busy:

What could he do?

HELPING OTHERS.

Some schoolboys passed and smiled. "She's having a hard time," said one,

You have more than one niece in Ogden, and I was to write long ago, but really, dear Auntle, we little girls but really, dear Auntie, we little girls have been kept very busy like our Aunt Busy in Salt Lake City. You Know we have to help dear Pather Cushnahan build his choir. He likes us and we like him ever so much. We often speak of you and wish you would visit us, we are so anxious to see you. I go to St. Joseph's school and I am in the Third reader. We have a lovely little sitar for our Blessed Mother during May in our class room. Goodbye, with live from all your Ogden nieces to you live from all your Ogden nieces to you and dear Nelly Dorsey, whom we fond-

MARGUERITE M'NULTY,
Well! well! well At last Aunt Busy's
Ogden nisces are beginning to write
to her! Tes. Aunt Busy knows her to her: Yes, Aunt Busy knows her.

Ittile Ogden girls are busy, but try to
spare a few minutes for her. She
hopes to see you all some day. Dear
Father Cushnahan is surely proud of
his boys and girls, who love him so
dearly. Aunt Busy is glad to know that
you remember our Blessed Mother.

Dear Aunt Busy:

As there is not very many letters from Denver, I thought I would write. I go to the Sacred Heart school and I am in the Third grade. The Utah childrens letters were in the paper and I liked them, they are so short that it does not take me long to read them. We take The Intermountain Catholic and I like to read it. Now dear Aunt Busy my letter is getting pretty long so I must close. From your loving niece, * MANGARET RYAN.

Write soon again little niece from Denver. The Utah news of the uight.

Mangagin little niece from Denver, The Utah news of the uight.

A purse of means for the red light swinging the thorny places will have to plunge recklessly through, and he who has been always looking down for stones will have to just look up and wildly take his chances! Scratched and bruised he will be, and the only question of any importance is how he is going to take it?

Some of us go whining around for other people's court-plaster and arnica.

But now and then you see some little. Denver. The Utah nephews and nieces will be glad to read your kind words for them. Aunt Busy loves to hear from her Colorado boys and girls.

Colorado Springs, May 6, 1900. I have seen so many letters in The
Intermountain Catholic I thought I
would write a leter, too. I am 9 years
old, I have a sister 3 years old and
another sister 2 years old. I have a
brother 4 months old. I will close my
letter. JOHN MKINNEY.

April Boar Is elight to hour from any
the state of the state

I have wanted for some time to write to you, but I don't know you or ever seen you that's why I don't know what to write, and I am II years old. what to write, and I am II years old.
I have two brothers and one stater.
Now I will tell you what mamma gives
me when I am not quite as good as I
could be, then she boxes my ears and
then puts me to work, and then I
hurry through with my work, and then I go out to play. Now, Aunt Busy, my leter is getting too long and I must stop, goodbye, from your niece, GERTRUDE DEDERICKS.

GERTRUDE DEDERICKS.
Aunt Busy has enjoyed reading your very original letter, Gertrude. Do you know what original means? Aunt Busy hopes that for the future you will never have your ears boxed because you will always be good. Write soon.

JOHNNY'S COURAGE.

"I don't suppose, mother, little folks like me can do very much in this world. It don't seem as if I could do much good." And Mrs. Tompkins' 10-year-old Johnnie Dianted his chin on the palm of his chubby little hand and looked up into her face.

She smilled and gave Johnnie a pleasant look as she suspended the play of her bright knikting needles.
"I shauidn't agree with you there."

her bright knitting needles.

"I shouldn't agree with you there," Some schoolboys passed and smiled. She said, "Johanic Lattle folks can't do so much in themselves, but add God's "She's having a hard time," said one, strength to a little boy's weakness, and strength to a little boy's weakness, and "Poor old soul!" said another, really "Poor old soul!" said another, really I think one can do a great deal? Johnnie sat in silence a little while, looking into the cracking open wood fire, and then said his prayers and went

The next day, on the edge of the evening, Johnnia was down at the sta-

Boom, boom, rattle, rattle, ding, ding choo, choo-oh! they had a noisy time, the cars and the locomotives, dashing ebout whistling and ringing! Tains were coming and going at a great rate. In a little while it was more quiet, and then came the train of which Johnnie's father was conductor. Johnnie called out: 'Here I am, father!' And glad enough was a man wearing a blue cap, secked with gilt stars, to get hold of Johnnie's hand. Mr. Tompkins, when the passengers had gone, stepped back into the cars and Johnnie went with him.

"Stay bere, Johunie, in this seat, and state of such as going on the curbstone louking at the geam of a plant may grow and unfold its leaves in a loveller land. Mr. S. B.

"A VOCATION.

A Vocation is a call from God to embrace a state of life that is plensing to Him. There are many whom God destines to be instruments of grace to them, and hence He requires them to life. "How good of you!"

"That's all right," was the boyish response.

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"Stay bere, Johunie, in this seat, and standing on the curbstone louking at the great of a loveller land.

"In a little while it was more quiet, and that lovely Land of Nod.

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"The brave are the book which in the lovel, the dot of the sun that lovely Land of Nod.

"The brave are the world is wide, If you was have friends, whilst the coward to Him. There are many whom God destines to be instruments of grace to them. The odd to Hon.

The brave conductor. Johnnie with relief that is plensing to Him. There are many whom God destines to left the a light in the land lover. The brave are the plant may Boom, boom, rattle, rattle, ding, ding

turing to cross it. He was at her side in a minute. He took her packages and

in a minute. He took her packages and one of her arms.

"Let me help you across, please," he said, as courteously as if addressing an old lady of his own station. "It isn't pleasant, but there's no danger."

He smiled into the poor worried old face reassuringly. When they were across, the boy said kindly.

"Is it all right now, madam? Can you get home alone?"

"Yes, I'll get along without any trouble, and I—"

She was about to express her heartfelt thanks, but the boy, lifting his hat with a parting bow, said "Good-bye," and was gone.

and was gone.

"JEST LET IT HURT!"

"JEST LET IT HURT!"

We were hunting among the Tennessee mountains and came upon a log cabin on a sunny southern slope. The only evidences of prosperity were to be found in a brood of tow-headed little children who were scampering about the dooryard. The oldest was a sturdy had of 12 or 13. He told us his own name in answer to our query, and then we asked him that of a little shaver of 5 or 6, who was tagging him around like a shadow.

"His name? He ain't got no name. We just call him Monkey. That's his name-just Monkey, and he's mean!"

"What does he do?"

"Bothers! Bothers dad and mam and all the young ones and me. He bothers me when I work and when I play."

"Do you have to work?"

"Work? Well, I should say. I cut all the wood that's cut for this here

From that station down to the next, at Rowe's factory, it was a down grade all the way. Start a car at the station above and it would jog along itself, going more and more rapidly, till it reached Rowe's factory, where the grade changed. And what should Johnnie's car conclude to do-but start off for a little trip on its own account to the factory. The brakeman had carelessly unshackled it, not understanding an order given him, and when the locemotive ahead happened to buck the train a little it went bump against the rear car and started it on an undesirable journey. all the wood that's cut for this here place." place."

He was a worker, sure enough; but when he heard the guns go off, he went off with them. He followed us over hill and vale, through forest and clearing, through stubble fields and bramrear car and started it on an undesirable journey.

Johnnie was startled when he looked up and saw the car in motion, and a good deal frightened when, seeing nothing before or behind the car, he knew it was loose and cruelly running away with him in the dark.

Just then he caught the flash of a dark red light away down the track. His heart gave such a jump! He knew enough about trains to understand what it all meant.

"A train, a train!" he thought, "and we shall surely go"—Johnnie hardly dared finish the thought; if he had, it would have been—"go crush into one another."

What could he do? ble patches. As he emerged from one of those tangled masses of blackberry bunkes which are se common in that region. I noticed that his little bare shins from his knee to his ankle were that streaming with blood.

just streaming with blood.
"Whew!" said I, sympathetically. "That's nothin.

"Den't it hurt?"
"Hurt? You bet its hurts!"
"What are you going to do about

"Do? I ain't a-goin' to do nothin' but

Now, that is just the kind of stuff that makes men!

"Jest let it hurt." Don't squeal, don't kick, don't put up your lip; but "jest let it hurt." It is not such a bad education as some others for a boy to saturabling hereforted records. There came into his mind the words of his mother about a little boy's weakness and God's strength. He or his mother about a little boys weakness and God's strength. He dropped on his knees there in the aisle of the car and asked God to help a little boy in a runaway car.

He opened his eyes and saw away down the track the sharp, fiery light. One light made him think of another. There was his futher's red lantern all lighted near the steve. Why couldn't he wave it at the car end toward the approaching train? Weuldn't he engineer see it?

down the track the sharp, fiery light.
One light made him think of another.
There was his father's red lantern all lighted near the stove. Why couldn't he ware it at the car end toward the approaching train? Weuldn't the engineer lied trout, and gets about five miles frem his mother and her arnica, and then tears the hide off his legs or knocks the nail off his toe, the very best thing he can do is to "jest let it harst". He snatched the light, ran to the end of the car, and there he stood on the platform, waving the lantern.

"What is that?" said William Marston, looking from the cab window of the locomotive that was thundering

the locomotive that was thundering along, bringing on the evening express.
"A warning ahead," said he to Jones, the fireman, At the same time he shut off the steam, reversed the engine, put on the air brakes and whistled the danger signal. What a sharp, shrill cry!

"What is the matter" said the passengers, and a lot of black heads went bobbing out of the windows, like turities coming to the top of the water.

"Danger!" called one to another, as they saw the light ahead waving.

The express came to a stop, and then commenced to hack, going faster, faster, frying to get out of the way of Johnnie's car, that was now rapidly destributed for that matter, it is the best thing a boy, after he has grown to be a man and come to wear \$7 shoes, can do in most of the troubles of life. There are just about so many stones and bramble patches lying along the path-way of every man's life, and whoever he is, he must go through them barefooted! At least I have never heard of any kind of a protector that is stone-proof and bramble-proof, although I have been looking for them industributed the danger should be a man and come to wear \$7 shoes, can do in most of the troubles of life. There are just about so many stones and bramble patches lying along the path-way of every man's life, and whoever he is, he must go through them barefooted! At least I have never heard of any kind of a protector that is stone-proof and bramble-proof, although I have been looking for them industributed the stone of the troubles of life. There are just about so many stones and bramble patches lying along the path-way of every man's life, and whoever he is, he must go through them barefooted! At least I have never heard of any kind of a protector that is stone-proof and bramble-proof, although I have been looking for them industributed the should be a man and come to wear \$7 shoes, can do in most of the troubles of life. There are just a bout so many stones and bramble patches lying along the path-way of every man's life, and whoever he is, he must go thr hurt!"
And, for that matter, it is the best

ness of the night.

A purse of money for him was quickly made up, but that was little to Johnnie, compared with the comfort he took in think he had saved perhaps 100 lives that might have been lost had the exmade up, but that was little to Johnnie, compared with the comfort he took in think he had saved perhaps 100 lives that might have been lost had the express train dashed into the runaway our and everything pitched down the steen bank.

So much for adding God's strength to a little fellow's weakness.

GEMS OF WISDOM.

If we fall to show the proper defer-ence and respect for our parents, even after years of maturity, a curse must hover over us. Let us not consider How pleasant and agreeable life would be, dear boys and girls, if every Aunt Busy is glad to hear from another nephew in Colorado. Write a helping hand to others. There are longer leter next time, John, and tell may be put into practical Here is an example worthy of imitation.

Salt Lake City, May 6, 1969.

Dear Aunt Busy:

I have wanted for some time to write in the wind was blowing a gale. Peo-Here is an example worthy of imitation.—
The wind was blowing a gale. People were hurrying to and fro, apparently thinking only of themselves—as people usually do when a storm is about to burst upon them. The city crassings were in a shameful condition—what was the matter with the city authorities I cannot tell. There was loose snow on the lop of what might be called a lake of slush, the lake in this instance, at any rate, being deep enough to submerge the "crossers" rubbers, and sometimes his or her shocs.

From around a corner, almost blown along by the strength of the rising twind, citime an old woman with her wind, citime an old woman with her wind, citime an old woman with her wind, citime an old woman with her and the candle was gone. I specified the strength of the rising the condition of the candle was gone. I specified the candle was gone all these things will come are gone all these things are gone all these things the surging upon you tenfold. You will then see what should have been seen while they yet lived. To make they yet lived. To mak

To the wonderful Land of Nod.

In that fairy land where girls and boys, And no older face but yours. And no one to frighten our laughing and noise Or to keep us unwilling indoors. We found the tit's eggs wherever we

spied.
And the lark's wherever we tred.
And the thrush, if we whistled, would fly
to our side.
In the marvelous Land of Nod.

The flowers were every month in bloom, And all of them filled with scent; The hills were yellow with furze and

broom.
And the hedges by which we went
Were gaily decked with the trailing rose,
And in meedow and field the sod
Was covered with many a blessom that In the beautiful Land of Nod.

Ah, mother, those years have faded away And the gates of that land are fast, Nor ever again my feet shall stray Where they strayed at will in the past: But I trust that some hour in the times meaning. the trouble to show his pity in any At helpful way.

Just then another schoolboy came a slong. He was well dressed, and his bearing showed that he was "to that bearing showed that he too, pass by the old woman in her perplexity? Oh, no, that was not his way.

"Til pick them up for you," he said, and the said, and the said.

unscanned.
When they lay me down under the clod.
I shall see your face in a loveller land.
Than that lovely Land of Nod.

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ure. It is even so with vocations to the

higher life; they must be taken care of; they must be guided, and must live in an atmosphere of holiness—other-wise they are liable to be lost." TWO LITTLE GIRLS.

I know a little girl
(You? Oh, no!)
Who, when she's asked to go to bed,
Does just so:
She brings a dozen wrinkies out,
And takes the dimples in:
She puckers up her pretty lips,
And then she will hegin:
"Oh, dear me! I don't see why!
All the others sit up late.
And why can't I?"

Some of us set up a mighty nowl of complaint. Some of us settle down into a state of sullen and silent rebellion. Some of us go whining around for other people's court-plaster and arnica.

But now and then you see some little Spartan like my Tennessee mountaineer grown to manhood, who straightens himself up, puts on a cheerful smile and "lest lets it hurt!"

Another little girl I know, With curly pate, Who says: "When I'm a great big girl, I'm straightens are all straightens and dolly trot away Without another word. On the same arrived and supplies and cycs so blue, And—yes, now I think of it. She looks like you!

GENTLE WORDS.

Like glittering pearls from springtide showers, Or sweet perfumes from rosy bowers, Or as the bloom on summer flowers, Are gentle words.

More precious than the honeyed dew From flowers distilled of safron hue, Of rosy tint, or asure blue, Are gentle words, More joyous than the merry thrill When warbling sounds the woodlan Of parting streamlet, brook or rill, Are gentle words.

Lighter than leaflets of the grove, or wings of gossumer that rove In festive dance by fairles worn, Are gentle words.

Fairer than autumn's varied stores, Or flowing tide that daily pours Its waves around our sea-girt shores, Are gentle words.

Lively as childhood's lambent mirth,

Bentting scenes of heavenly birth. As lights, to cheer our path on earth, Are gentle words. THE PRAYER UNSELFISH.

O strengthen mel that while I stand Firm on the rock and strong in Thee, may stretch out a loving hand To wrestlers with the troubled sea.

"O give Thine own sweet rest to me!
And make me speak with sooth
power
A word in season—as from Thee
To the weary ones, in needful hour."

THE MYSTERIOUS VOICE.

What strange voice is this impels me Near to God in all I see? "Be thou faithful," thus it tells me, "God is ever watching thee."

In my childhood, when I wandered Through the woods or by the sea, Still I heard that voice and pondered On the words it spoke to me. When alone—I best can hear it— This unseen but friendly guide— Surely 'tis some blessed spirit, Ever watching at my side.

Driving far all doubt and fear.

Oft in hours of slient sorrow

This kind voice I plainly hear,
From whose words new strength I bor-

When my soul, with pleasure tiring.
Through life's ways, where 'ere I trod.
Heard this voice too good inspiring.
Then I knew the voice of God.
M. S. B.

B7 — Ghomas C Kempis.

BOOK 2, CHAPTER XL. That the desires of our heart are to be examined and mederated.

Son, it behooves thee to learn many things, that thou hast not yet learned. What are these, Lord? That theu confirm in all things thy

desire to My good pleasure; and that thou be not a lover of thyself, but en-deavor earnestly that My will be done. Desires often inflame thee, and ve-hemently impel thee: but consider whether it be for My honor or thy own interest that thou art most moved If I am the cause, thou wit be well contented with whatever I shall ordain; but if there lurk in thee any self-seeking, behold, this it is that hindereth thee and weigheth thee down. Take care, then, not to rely too much upon any preconceived desire before thou hast consulted Me, lest perhaps afterwards thou repent, or he displeased with that which at first pleased to the before the consultant of the consultant process.

thee, and which thou wast zealous for as the best. as the best.

For not every inclination which appeareth good is wherefore at once to be fellowed; nor is every contrary affection at once to be rejected.

Even in good intentions and desires it is expedient sometimes to use some restraint; lest by too much cagerness.

Nay, even whilst they live, they rest in the yearstion of them without the sire; but how long thinkest thou this sire; but how long thinkest they desire; but how long thinkest thou this sire; but how long thinkest thou long thinkest thou long thinkest thou long thinkest they have an interpolation and long thinkest they have sire; but how long thinkest they have sire; but how long thinkest thou long thinkest they have sire; but how long thinkest they have sire; but how

restraint; lest by too much eagerness thou incur distraction of mind; lest for want of discipline thou generals scandal to others; or by opposition from others thou be suddenly disturbed

and fall.

Sometimes, indeed, we must use violence and manfully resist the sensual
appetite, and not regard what the flesh
liketh or disliketh but rather endeavor
that, even against its will, it may be subject to the spirit.

And so long must it be chastised and kept under servitude, till it readily obey in all things, and learn to be content with a little, and to be pleased

with simplicity, and not to murmur at any inconvenience. CHAPTER XIL

Of acquiring patience and of striving against concupiecence.

O Lord God, patience, as I perceive, is very necessary for me, for many adverse things happen to us in this

For in whatsoever way I may ar-

time, friends, don't hurry too fast. Don't be like too many of the young who like a meteor are brilliant and fashing during their school days afterwards turn out failures in their different avocations. A little tact with than a vast amount of knowledge with out tact.

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range for my peace, my life cannot be without war and sorrow. My son, so it is; for I would not have thee seek for such a peace as to have thee seek for such a peace as to have no temptations, or to feel no ad-versity; but then, indeed, think thou hast found peace, when thou shall be exercised in divers tribulations, and tried in much adversity.

If thou shalt say thou art not able to suffer much, how, then, wilt thou endure the fire of purgatory? endure the are of purgatory.

Of two evils, one ought always to
choose the less.

That thou mayst, therefore, escape
the future eternal punishment, endeavor patiently to endure present

revils for God's sake.

Thinkest thou that men of the world suffer nothing or but little? Thou shalt not find it so, though thou seek out the most voluptuous. But sayest thou, they follow after many delights,

and withal their own will, and there-fore make small account of their trib-ulations?

Be it so, that they have all they de-

that abound in this world, and there shall be no remembrance of their past not in the possession of them without bitterness, weariness, and fear. From the same thing whence they conceive delight, thence frequently do they derive the penalty of anguish. It is just with them it should be so,

that since they seek and follow inco dinately their pleasures, they should not enjoy them without confusion and bitterness.

Oh, how short, how deceitful, how inerdinate and shameful are all those

But thou, My son, go not after thy concupiscence, but turn away from thy own will. Delight in the Lord, and He will give then the desires of thy heart. The flesh will complain, but the fervour The old serpent will investigate thee, and trouble the anew; but by prayer he shall be put to flight; moreover, by useful employment his greater access to thee shall be prevented. of spirit shall it be reined in useful employment his to thee shall be prevented

(To be continued.)

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